I have just come from the petit Luxembourg, and from seeing Reubel receive petitions in his *costume de directeur*. Lynch was with me.[1] No one asked us any questions as we handed in Mesdames d'Aremberg and Brancas, who wanted to see Barras. We went upstairs through a great crowd, and through halls full of dragoons and grenadiers. The audience-room is a large *salon*, where Monsieur formerly received his company. A bar across the middle divides the simply curious from those who have petitions to present, who are admitted within the bars by two sentinels. Those who were merely spectators, like myself, remained without the rails.

The room was filled with tagrag and bobtail; a crowd of women presenting memorials, lame soldiers, &c., whilst aides-de-camp, secretaries and well-dressed fellows stood about the fireplace.

The Directeur had a blackguard clerk, in a shabby great-coat (forming a contrast with his gewgaws), sitting near him at a table. Reubel attended by rotation for an hour. He was very elegantly clad, his hair well dressed, his waist-

coat and pantaloons of white satin, with a blue

i The same who was mayor of Bordeaux in 1814, and was amongst the first functionaries that recognised the Bourbons.